under glowing eulogies. The legal representative of the Home for Incurables will soon be the representative of the Crown, and its First Lady Directress will soon be First Lady of the entire province. It is hard to keep them apart. By analogy, the Home which men allow Mrs. Clark to mismanage becomes Ontario; in both cases the guilty man is Mortimer Clark.

Other parallels become apparent, between Elliott's struggle and the struggle for life of the incumbent Lieutenant-Governor, between Elliott's final expulsion from the Home, and the new Lieutenant-Governor's installation at Government House, both reported in the same issue, though in different sections, of course.

One begins to appreciate what Elliott was up against, when he first undertook to expose the alleged troubles at the Home. With the benefit of such knowledge his chances appear to wane and expire in tandem with the life of the incumbent, Sir Oliver Mowat. With Sir Oliver's death and Mortimer Clark's succession, Elliott's defeat seems guaranteed. Though he persists on other fronts, power prevails against him there too.

A letter to Sir Mortimer Clark from the Governor General's Secretary reports his having received three letters from Colonel Elliott, on the subject of the management of the Home for Incurables at Hogtown. The Governor General is more concerned about the accompanying report of the Grand Jury to Mr. Justice Street, which indicates that there may be some ground for his complaint. But instead of investigating further or recommending that something be done to redress the conditions at the Home, the Governor General merely requests a report upon which he can base a complete reply to Colonel Elliott. The Secretary encloses Elliott's original letters, which he politely asks Clark to return. Clark scrawls in broad pencil across the top of the letter: Please return enclosures & reply that I will endeavor shortly to send report of another Grand Jury approving of Home.

When one report proves unfavorable, write another....

*****

Federico Fellini and Walter Huston lounged under the tree outside the door. Natasha slouched on the steps, unwitting of the heritage attributes of the portico above, splendid example of Al Capone Classicism that it was....

Old folks, Johnny thought. At home. No older than himself....

Fellini had a 60s-style Beatles hair-cut. He wore Bermudas and sandals in the heat. His shirt was open, but he kept it on.

Porko'd warned Fellini about going topless. He scared the female guests.

Walter Huston was a fund-raiser for northern gold mines, oil wells. He raised capital on Porko's phone. Porko got calls from capitalists as well as prospective tenants. Walter Huston dressed like Federico Fellini, except he wore a sun-hat and loud Hawaian shirt and liked to sing AS TIME GIES BY...!

He was working with this cool black guy named Omar, who'd stolen the identity of this stupid honk, so whenever the police came after him....

Porko'd told Johnny not to talk to the old lady unless she spoke first. She remembered everything.

She had a great deal of difficulty getting upstairs to her room on the second floor. Fellini joked that they wanted to get her a wheelchair and the keys to the gate so he could wheel her into the posterior airing court. He said he'd pull some strings and get her into the Bald Eagle down the street.